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First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Can We Start Afresh?

No one can read the words of M. Clemenceau without stopping in his labor to reflect. No one can picture this simple, heroic old man, speaking his heart out to strangers in the cause of his beloved France, without a catch in the throat and a stirring of generous emotions now buried beneath months of wrangling peace.

It is upon this moment of faith re-won, of return to a friendship sealed in a great adventure, that the one hope of good from his message rests. It is only a hope, let us agree. The reactions of some critics to M. Clemenceau's words show by their heat, by their partisanship, by their adherence to old quarrels and by their worn phrases how steeply up hill rises the road before him. But he has come, he has spoken wisely, boldly, like the great man that he is, and it behooves every friend of the future, every lover of youth and right, to bear such aid as he can.

Briefly, the call to America is to start afresh, to turn over the pages since the war, marred and blotted by personal rancor, and seek to write for the future a new and fairer text. M. Clemenceau does not ask us to forget our disagreements—he made it plain that he had not altered his convictions upon any fundamentals. This sturdy old Frenchman is above all else an honest man. He utters no hypocrisy and he asks no hypocrisy from us. We like to think that herein lies one of his great appeals to America, a nation of frontier candor, of man-to-man speech. It is a searching of hearts, a clearing away of small spites and personal animosities, and, thereafter, a fresh debate upon an old problem, to which we are summoned.

Let us try to be as candid as is M. Clemenceau. Can it be questioned that the peace ended in tragic failure so far as this country was concerned? America is too close to that episode to apportion responsibility fairly. Blame therefor must be weighed by future generations. We can feel assured that it will ultimately rest where it belongs. Yet for more than two years now Americans have been refighting this battle of the peace. Every question that has arisen touching Europe has been poisoned by this old venom. Those who viewed Mr. Wilson as a perfect leader, a righteous martyr, could think of Europe only in terms of the League of Nations, with every article untouched. Those who viewed Mr. Wilson as the arch enemy of idealism held back from any participation in European affairs for fear that some yielding to Wilsonism might be spelled out of their concession.

We do not suggest that a pretense be enacted, to wit, that there has been no quarrel over the league or over Mr. Wilson and the Senate. If we are to be realists like M. Clemenceau we must accept the past and stand by the truth as we have seen it and see it now. But has not the time come when it is possible to agree to disagree as to this past history and go forward to the solution of present problems without malice for the past and with open mind toward the needs of the future?

There is much to emulate in M. Clemenceau's sturdy candor. He uttered both the words "guaranties" and "league" and survived. He plunged for neither. He did not pretend to tell America how it should deal with either problem. He did express some faith in both methods of approach—that of an understanding among England, France and America touching the near at hand and a larger society of nations building toward the future. Is there not a world of sense in this twofold advance? It was a good idealist as well as a good soldier, Oliver Cromwell, who said: "Put your trust in God, but mind to keep your powder dry." That saying has always held a particularly strong appeal to Americans. It is, if you will, the American, the frontier, way of approaching life—to look beyond the horizon and labor toward it, yet keep one's hand on one's holster.

We would not prejudge any solution of either problem. Perhaps some loose agreement for mutual discussion in the event of threatened attack, roughly parallel to the four-power pact, might answer the question of guaranties. If an American society of nations should be forthcoming perhaps some close federation with the League of Nations might be worked out. The possibilities are many once the will to find them is uncovered. All that is essential is a spirit of generosity, a turning of our backs on old wars and a facing of the rising sun—a spirit of youth, if you will, such as blazes in the eyes of our friend and counselor, Georges Clemenceau.

Helpless

Again a building strike which may paralyze building operations in New York City is threatened, and again the public must look helplessly on while employers and employees fight over their differences.

The need of some sort of industrial tribunal such as was suggested during the last session of the Legislature becomes more and more apparent. Too often the issues involved in a quarrel of this sort are too intricate and of too technical a nature for the public to understand.

One thing is certain: No strike can be won without public sympathy, and the public will never back a strike which will tie up building at a time when the whole prosperity of the city depends upon increased building activity.

Wages are still high. Hours are still limited by union regulations. It is the old question of union hatred of non-union labor that continually stirs up trouble. Until some means of establishing the rights or wrongs of this controversy is discovered industrial conditions in New York City, and in the country for that matter, will never be secure.

Fighting Red Windmills

If one accepts the announcement of the American Defense Society, the Reds are upon us and only drastic action can save us. But the time is past to take such statements seriously. For a brief period after the war there was danger from professional agitators which threatened to become widespread in the industrial centers. At the height of the Bolshevik success in Russia the leaders of revolution there and here had hopes of America. But even then these hopes were built on the illusion that the agitators would find a sufficiently fertile field in this country. Any one familiar with conditions here saw clearly that the most that they could expect was to play upon the emotions of the unbalanced, the cranks and the naturally impassioned revolutionists who form an insignificant part of our population. The movement was foredoomed to failure, even though it was directed from Moscow, and what little impulse it had has long since died away.

Americans are essentially conservative—in fact, we are probably the most conservative people in the world to-day. The kind of radicalism that communists and Bolshevists preach finds little sympathy in a nation of farmers, small shop keepers and professional men. Only in a few regions, where social and economic conditions are deplorable, is there any genuine response to the Reds. In the cities there still are small groups of vociferous parlor Bolsheviks, but if the circulation of radical newspapers and magazines and the tabulation of the Socialist and Farmer-Labor votes is indicative of their numerical strength, they are now even less numerous than before. Having keenly sensed the bitter injustices of the world we live in, they pinned their hopes on the application of communist theories in Russia. Their disappointment with the failure of the experiment there has produced a disillusion that is healthy for the United States and for themselves.

In attacking the "Red menace" in this country to-day the American Defense Society is merely fighting windmills.

Capitalizing Publicity Methods

The liquidation of James W. Elliott's Business Builders, Inc., which the receiver has indicated will take place soon, will mark the passing of a local institution. Business Builders was more than an agency for vending stocks: it was an experiment in human conduct. It represented the ballyhoo school of American finance and reflected the philosophic notions of its moving spirit, Mr. Elliott, who was ever anxious that things seem right.

Our criticism of Business Builders rests on no austere belief that finance is a sacred pursuit in which human kindliness has no place. The Tribune was out of sympathy with such of the Business Builders methods as tended to create hysteria and to divert attention from essential economic facts. Sweet phrases about good intentions and alluring promises for the future were offered as substitutes for unemotional balance sheets and income accounts, without which the scientific student is cut off from a thorough understanding of the realities of a business enterprise. Mr. Elliott has the gift for publicity and is a persuasive salesman. If the technique of the Elliott school of emotional finance were employed to promote the sale of Liberty bonds or other high-grade investment issues it might not in modified form be without merit. But as a vehicle for selling highly speculative securities for investment purposes to persons inexperienced in financial analysis the Business Builders system was vulnerable to criticism.

Elliott's Business Builders set out two years ago to expand going concerns by furnishing men and money. Successful stock venders were to be promoted into executive positions in client corporations. The wisdom of such a policy seemed clearly questionable. The enthusiasm of the salesman is not always an asset in the executive, whose optimism must be tempered by a challenging approach to statements of prospects. The successful seller is not necessarily equally adapted to general management of a business—Exhibit A, James W. Elliott.

The New War Prophesied

On the same day that Clemenceau in New York issued his warning against the dangers of the Russo-German alliance Mussolini, speaking in Switzerland, declared that Germany was a menace not only for France but for Italy as well, and that the next war would surely be waged jointly by the Russians, Germans and Turks against Western civilization. German officers to-day are preparing for it, he said. In a similar vein Clemenceau declared that German munitions plants were turning out machine guns and cannon against the appointed day.

"Don't you see what is going on?" said Clemenceau. "Don't you read the papers? Why, haven't you heard of the treaty between the Turks and the Germans and the Russians?" Speaking with the sad wisdom of a half century of participation in the European tangle, he repeated his warning of a new war for which Germany was preparing.

Americans are not the only people prone to turn a deaf ear to "ancestral voices prophesying war." Yet in the present instance no open-minded man can ignore these warnings. They are part of the present-day scene that cannot be brushed aside. Mussolini's experience in international politics is not comparable with that of Clemenceau, but he has good sources of information and has access to men wise in the ways of European diplomacy. Besides, he speaks for a nation in which the fear of Germany has never been as keen as in France and in which since the armistice there have been signs of a greater readiness to forgive and to forget than in France.

It is certainly a striking coincidence, the young Italian and the venerable Frenchman raising the same warning in the same hour. It would be pleasant to pretend that no one has spoken. But can America thus shut its ears?

Hoppe's Turn Again

Normalcy reigns again in billiards. Willie Hoppe has come back. He has defeated in succession the five other leading players of the world, ending with Jake Schaefer, who took the championship title from him last year. Hoppe's victory is as popular as Schaefer's was. It gives a zest to sport to see a newcomer topple over a long-time winner, and then to have the old hero full of grit reassert himself.

The tournament showed no great disparity of skill among the competitors. Hagenlacher, the German entrant, failed to win a game. Yet he gave Hoppe a fight—almost beat him. Conti of France and Horemans of Belgium finished in a tie on games won and lost, just behind Schaefer, and Cochran, the third American, was always dangerous.

Nerves were much in evidence. All the players seemed to suffer from them. It was surprising to detect something like stage fright in these cue wizards. They would start in by missing shots as though they were Class D amateurs. The Coué formula would have done them good. Hoppe explains that he was troubled by "lack of co-ordination." Just another name for nerves. None of them played as good billiards as he knew how; their grand averages were not impressive.

The meeting was highly flavored with temperament and personality and was much more interesting on that account than if it had simply furnished an exhibition of mechanical perfection. It was Hoppe's backbone as much as his cue that won.

A Contrast in Death Rates

A suggestive and not altogether creditable contrast in death rates appears in current statistics of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The figures relate merely to its policy holders, but these are so numerous and so widely distributed as to be representative of the whole population.

The salient feature of the showing is that in the month of September last the death rate from diseases of all kinds was the lowest and that from automobile accidents the highest ever recorded in the history of the company.

That is to say, the medical profession and sanitarians are doing better work than the police and criminal courts. We are gradually conquering tuberculosis and typhoid and other plagues, but are seemingly not able to control the foolish or criminal automobilist. We are gaining victory over the scourges of nature, but not over those of human perversity.

To save lives from the menace of disease is a proud performance of science. To permit lives to be increasingly sacrificed to the misuse of our own inventions is a discreditable confession of impotence in administration.

The Law of Ranges

Hunters near the Cheyenne Indian Reservation in South Dakota report that out of thirty-five coyotes and two bobcats taken within two months of hunting and trapping all were old animals, and about two-thirds of them showed signs of having been previously wounded or trapped.

These animals evidently had acquired by experience a wisdom beside which the learning of Kaa, Baloo and Bagheera seems out of date. They had no teachers to expound the law of the ranges in the manner that these three taught the law of the jungle. They had no Hathi to warn against man's traps and pitfalls nor a Bagheera to tell of the cruel customs of the man tribe. Their younger brethren, too ignorant and too trustful of mankind, fell a prey to the bounty hunters. But the survivors, profiting from bitter experience, learned even more than the masters of the jungle could teach. They learned not only to beware of man but to outwit him, to kill his livestock and to escape his traps, to rob his poisoned bait without eating it, and to keep out of range of his far-shooting rifle. They seem even to have taken a malicious delight in first despoiling and then foiling man.

But the fates are finally turned against them and their days are numbered. Classed as pests (and living up to their classification), it has been proposed that for the old bounty system, whereby casual hunters were paid so much a head for the death of a "varmint," a new system be introduced whereby one man will give all his attention to hunting them down and driving them off forever. Not all the wisdom of the jungle or the ranges can avail them under such circumstances.

A Michigan grower has just paid $50,000 for a single strawberry plant. If it yields the variety of strawberries which the fruiterers sell in January he will soon get his money back.

Mayor Hylan takes frequent vacations from his duties as Mayor, but apparently Mr. Hearst never allows him as much as a day off.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Education in Mexico

[Where a child recently took a couple of shots at a school teacher]

In Mexico when teachers
Of country public schools
Inform a child who's acting wild
That he must heed the rules
The child whips out a pistol,
A threatening pose he strikes
And, with a sneer from ear to ear,
Says he'll do what he likes!

In Mexico the teachers
Must masticate their pride
And swallow it, or else commit
A quick infanticide.
For there the little children,
Disdaining childish games,
With unconcern prefer to learn
To shoot like Jesse James.

In Mexico the teachers
Are very hard to get,
For there they find the childish mind
Is easily upset.
And being filled with bullets
When angry pupils feel
They do not need to learn to read
Is lacking in appeal.

If we were teaching children
In darkest Mexico
We'd buy a tank and we would clank
And lumber to and fro.
And all the little children
Would follow every rule,
And if a one whipped out a gun
We'd promptly raze the school!

Cause for Thanksgiving

Now that airplanes can travel 248 miles an hour, pedestrians ought to be glad that one cannot walk on air.

Perfectly Safe

One of the great disappointments of a football game is that the cheer leaders never seem to get injured.

Why He Was Beaten

Albert J. is another Beveridge which didn't have enough kick to be interesting.

(Copyright by James J. Montague)

The Fascisti

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is indeed astounding to find so many Americans and my own countrymen, the English, misunderstanding and misrepresenting the aims of Premier Mussolini and his "Fascisti," an organization that stands for law and order, the saviors of Italy, who have read civilization a lesson in combating Bolshevism—of which other nations are taking note, my England included. Such an organization might have saved Holy Russia from her hideous fate.

A series of inept governments, comparable to our own Coalition under Lloyd George, failed to crush the anarchy to which Italy was reduced. Unofficial patriots were compelled to step in. Until the Fascisti appeared on the scene it looked as if Italy would go Bolshevist. From that time on the situation in Italy steadily improved, and in the end the revolutionists and Communists were on the run. How absurd to associate the Fascisti with revolutionists! Revolutionists never stand loyally by their king.

EMILY V. LORRAINE.

New York, Nov. 20, 1922.

The Lantern

Copr., New York Tribune Inc., 1922

THE GREAT GLAND MYSTERY

XV.

With the box which he believed to contain the Gland in his possession, Dartie Dunn, the reporter, fought his way through the cobras in the secret crypt and left the mysterious mansion.

Several of the cobras bit him.

"Bah! It is nothing," said the brave reporter. "Only a scratch or two!"

He repeated rapidly to himself several times: "Every day in every way, I am growing better and better," and the cobra bites healed at once.

Dartie kept up with the times.

Very few things escaped him.

He was not to be daunted by a few snake bites.

But what should he do with the box containing the Gland?

All the world was looking for this Gland.

He had it in his possession.

To print the facts about it would be to pull off a great journalistic feat.

It would make Dartie Dunn famous and rich.

His paper would probably raise his salary $5 a week.

Ambition tempted him to rush to the office and write the story of how he found the Gland and have a picture of the Gland itself made to go with the story.

On the other hand there was printed on the box: "Not to be opened until Christmas."

And the woman in Purple has said she trusted him.

It would be dishonorable on his part to betray this trust.

No good reporter ever betrays a confidence.

Dartie knew that.

Who would be willing to betray this confidence for him?

His city editor?

No! A thousand times no!

He would not tempt his city editor to fall.

He would not let his city editor do an unworthy action for his sake.

He loved his city editor.

Suddenly an idea occured to him.

He thought of a way to get a photograph of the Gland without opening the box until Christmas.

He would take it to an X-ray specialist.

He would get his picture of the Gland without betraying the trust reposed in him.

Both ambition and honor should be satisified.

It would give an additional zest to the story he would write to print how honorable he had been.

He would turn his conscience into an asset instead of a liability.

Few men can do that.

Dartie had in him the makings of a great public man.

If his career was not interrupted he would go far.

Just then it was interrupted.

A bludgeon fell upon his head.

It was wielded by a burly ruffian.

Dartie, who had been walking by the side of the river, fell into the water.

He was unconscious. He sank.

But the cold water revived him.

He gained the surface again. "Day by day in every way," he said.

Just as he crawled ashore he saw the burly ruffian climb into a taxicab, with the box containing the precious Gland tucked under his arm.

"Break all speed laws!" shouted the burly ruffian. Dartie heard him.

The man was evidently a desperate character.

Dartie hailed another taxi.

Flinging the driver a handful of gold and silver coins, he pointed out the taxi into which the burly ruffian had climbed.

"Catch that car!" he shouted.

Then he added, as an afterthought: "Break all speed laws!"

Two could play at that game, he said to himself, smiling grimly.

If the other man was desperate, he was desperate himself.

He opened the window in front of his cab and cried to the driver: "Drive like the devil!"

For the answer the chauffeur picked up a short, heavy iron bar and struck Dartie repeatedly, with a giant's force, between the eyes.

Dartie realized at once that this chauffeur himself must be one of the gang of Gland thieves.

He almost fainted.

But as the iron bar fell upon his head again and again he had the presence of mind to repeat with each blow, "Day by day, in every, I grow better and better."

Presently the chaufeur quit striking him.

He looked at him in astonishment.

Then he looked at the heavy iron bar in his hand. It was bent.

"I'll be damned!" said the chauffeur.

Nor was the man bluffing.

He was genuinely astonished.

"Come here, Bill," he shouted to a man disguised as a street laborer, who was laboring in the street near by, and whom Dartie at once guessed was another of the gang.

"Try your crowbar on this skull," said the chauffeur.

The street laborer tried it.

It was of no use.

The men desisted after a time.

Their honest efforts were beginning to attract a crowd. Publicity was the last thing they wished. It is always so with the criminal classes, or nearly always.

The second man got into the taxi and they drove off with Dartie. They took him to a pile driver, laid his head upon a pile, and dropped the gigantic hammer again and again.

"Day by day," murmured Dartie.

But he was beginning to be tired of all this. It had ceased to be amusing. Besides, it was not getting the Gland back.

Also, the excitement was beginning to give him a headache.

(To be Continued)

DON MARQUIS.

LEFT BY THE RECEDING TIDES

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Books and So Forth

By Frederic F. Van de Water (F. F. V.)

ANTHONY DYKE, explorer, knew all about Andean heights and Antarctic wastes and the deserts of Australia, but he apparently never became aware that there were such places in the world as Reno and Paris.

We haven't been married long enough ourself to take more than a cursory and academic interest in divorce laws, but it is our impression that a few months' residence in either of these cities would have enabled Mr. Dyke to free himself from an encumbering and insane helpmeet and marry Emmeline Verinder.

But then, if the great explorer had been that resourceful, W. B. Maxwell couldn't have written "Spinster of This Parish," which deals with the years of ardent and illicit devotion between Anthony and Emmeline.

On the whole, we're rather glad that Explorer Dyke never penetrated to the fastnesses of Reno or Paris, but not sufficiently grateful for his omission to cheer about it.

We stayed awake a whole night on a sleeping car reading "Spinster of This Parish," but this is not the high tribute that it might appear. Even Samuel Butler has failed to put us to sleep in an upper berth. Mr. Maxwell made us stop thinking for whole half-hours together of the way we were going to feel when we got off the train in the morning, but he wasn't able to engross us so deeply in his tale that we were unaware when we picked up the Albany sleeping car or dropped the Watertown.

Possibly we were prejudiced by the publishers' blurb, which announces on the book jacket: "The best critics regard W. B. Maxwell as one of the greatest living novelists."

* * *

Undoubtedly we have a mean disposition. We're afraid we are an iconoclast or something. Superlatives irritate us. Heralded perfection inspires us to look around instinctively for a brick. Properly, we should be impressed and awestruck when informed that this play or that book represents the ultimate in art. Actually, our automatic reaction is to say "Oh, IS that so?"

* * *

Something must be the matter with us. Maybe, after all, we aren't one of the best critics.

* * *

We wondered at first why Mr. Maxwell had found it necessary to preface his book with the announcement: "Neither the characters nor the incidents of this story are in any way drawn from persons or events in real life." Later we thought we understood. The author has told his story apparently more from the viewpoint of a reporter than a creator. His novel has the air of a chronicle of actual happenings, rather than a romance. Mr. Maxwell might almost have written with the libel law open on the desk beside him. His restraint is amazing. You may put this tale of a thirty-year-long illicit affair into the hands of your grandmother without fear of shocking her until she gets to the last page of the volume. It has a happy ending.

* * *

If Galsworthy had written Mr. Maxwell's story, it would, we think, have been better. He would have recruited your sympathies. He would have made you feel the allurement of Emmeline—she must have had considerable to offset that name. The way Mr. Maxwell tells it, you wonder why Dyke came back to her after their first separation. You have a sneaking idea that you, heartless dog, would have cast her off like an old glove.

* * *

We are grateful to Mr. Maxwell for breaking certain precedents; for refuting certain moral dogmas that have been stamped upon literature by the influence of the old Sunday school libraries. In "Spinster of This Parish" the heroine lives a life of shame for thirty years and has a pretty good time of it on the whole. At the end of the thirty years she seeks neither the river nor the narcotic ward. Nor does she stagger back, weak and dying, to the old home. She marries her seducer and continues, presumably, to live happily ever after.

Naturally, with our upbringing, we cannot refrain from frowning upon such a state of affairs and branding Mr. Maxwell's book immoral. But that is largely because we read so many of the Sunday school library books in our youth.

Leaving our inheritances and youthful complexes aside, we believe that the state of affairs set forth by Mr. Maxwell is, if not usual, at least natural and true to life. The wages of sin undoubtedly aren't worth earning in the vast majority of cases, but we have an idea that at times they build up pretty good bank accounts. This is deplorable. But we think its true, despite the preponderant verdict of literature to the contrary.

In literature, the man who takes his firm's money to gamble on the stock market inevitably is ruined. Merely by the law of averages, there must be times when he returns the theft to the safe after having made a clean-up on the Street.

We don't believe that the man and woman who elope from their respective and respectable helpmeets and go out into the world together are doomed necessarily to misery. In fact, their chances of happiness together ought to be more than usually bright, considering what they were willing to go through to get each other.

We're fairly certain, though we never bet a nickel on a horse race, that some straight tips from the stables reward the gullible plunger in direct ratio to his folly.

We're not condoning theft, infidelity or gambling. All we're trying to insist is that things don't happen in life always the way they do in books, and that Mr. Maxwell's volume is probably quite as faithful a picture of existence as a lot more moral novels.

* * *

For the benefit of the few who have read this far and have become alarmed over the state of our soul—we still believe in Santa Claus.

What Readers Are Thinking

Preventable Tragedies

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The tragedy of Mr. and Mrs. Gallo has stirred a profound sympathy in every breast. The arrogant Prussianism of the average subway guard has raised the blood-lust in most of us who come under his sway. But is not this an opportune time to point out again that people who come to this country to win a living and a home, and steadfastly refuse to learn our language, are a contributing cause of many of the misfortunes with which the daily news is filled?

HALE NORCROSS.

New York, Nov. 21, 1922.

Frank Bacon

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your editorial on the late Frank Bacon could not have been expressed in more generous terms and was worthy of the remarkable culmination of a varied career. To leave the world's stage in a glory undimmed does not happen to every man in whatever theater he may have performed. In Bacon's case whatever Waterloos he may have undergone were before his final triumph, and it is strange that apart from the years of comparative obscurity there is no failure to obscure the luster of his outstanding success.

There is no rôle to recall which did not fit the actor, or if a part did not find in him a good interpreter his star had not risen and he was deemed too unimportant to damn with faint praise or exalt with friendly criticism. The triumph is complete and reverence and regard are centered in Bill Jones, which was only the glass through which we could see the true Frank Bacon.

The power to infuse what we call personality into our creation is not given to every one. In Bacon's case this was not the least of his successes. He was not allowed to create further masterpieces. Like a tired child, he wanted rest and sleep. We may say of him, as was said of a greater actor, that the gayety of nations is eclipsed by his final exit: Ave atque vale.

W. E. ALLEN.

New Brunswick, N. J., Nov. 21, 1922.

"A Walk Week"

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I cannot refrain from sending you a word of appreciation on the admirable article, "A Walk Week," by Hildegarde Hawthorne, which appeared in your issue of November 17.

Miss Hawthorne has given expression to sentiments which I know are shared by thousands of walking devotees, and I feel reasonably certain that her splendid article has made many converts.

BERTHA TEITELBAUM.

New York, Nov. 21, 1922.

A. I. C. P. Christmas Stockings

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May we again announce to your readers the Christmas Red Stocking Campaign as planned by the nurses and visitors of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor?

Our plan, briefly, is this: The A. I. C. P. will send to any one by mail one or more of these red stockings, and attached to each will be the first name and age of the boy or girl to whom it is eventually to go. People sending for the stockings may specify either boys or girls, and also ages. When filled, these stockings may be returned to the association's offices by parcel post or messenger. The association will send for them if necessary, though we should like to save that expense.

The children to whom the Christmas stockings will go are the boys and girls of widows and of sick or disabled parents who are under the care of the A. I. C. P. nurses and visitors—all known to them individually.

Those who wish to help in this special Christmas work should write to the A. I. C. P., 105 East Twenty-second Street, or telephone Gramercy 7040 to Miss Jessie H. Barr, who will have charge of the work.

W. H. MATTHEWS,
Director Family Welfare Department.

New York, Nov. 21, 1922.